FIFTH COLUMN "LITERATURE", By Harold Lavine

The Saturday Review of Literature

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CLARE BOOTHE is at least one per cent Joan of Arc . . .
(See page 5)

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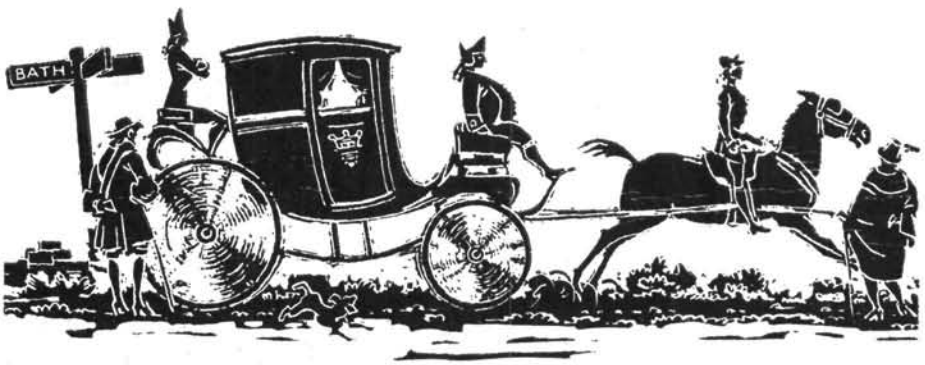

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Fifth Column "Literature"

HAROLD LAVINE

Editorial Director, Institute for Propaganda Analysis

ALTHOUGH there are 500 or more fascist organizations in the United States, the reality is not quite as impressive as the figure. Most of them consist of two fellows named Mike who happened to share the same score-card at the Stadium last Tuesday afternoon when the Yankees were playing Detroit.

Many of the other fascist organizations are simply rackets—more lucrative than stealing nickels from pay telephones, more dignified, and patriotic withal. They derive their dignity, as well as their patriotism, from the word "America," which is always somewhere in the name. The lucre comes from coupon-clipping widows and retired grocers who so want to save us from Mr. Stalin, Wall Street, and "international Jewry." Only ten or twelve are mass organizations in any sense of the word: they include the Ku Klux Klan, the Silvershirts, the Christian Front. All in all, they collect dues from perhaps 400,000 men, women, and children, which isn't as many as you might have expected.

The really disquieting thing is that so many of those who lead the five hundred or more fascist organizations are frustrated writers. Others are professional writers or retired writers; and that is even worse. They seem to suffer from the same compulsion to hammer their neuroses onto paper that impelled Mr. Hitler to write "Mein Kampf"; that still impels Signor Mussolini to leap to his typewriter whenever things aren't going too well for Italy. Only the laws of horology can restrict their literary output. Nothing can stop them from crashing into print. As everyone knows, Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini are patrons of the arts: to encourage those young American fascists whose literary efforts show promise, they have created dozens of newspapers, magazines, and newsletters: *Facts in Review, News from Germany, World Service, Transocean Press.* Moreover, if the retired grocers are willing to sign the checks, the fascists can always start their own magazines. If the checks aren't large enough, they can photo-print.

The literature does get around. William Dudley Pelley, of the Silvershirts, manages to sell about 1,000,000 copies of his publications annually. The circulation of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* is 300,000 or more. In Kansas, Gerald Winrod's *Defender* is said to have at least 110,000 subscribers. *Publicity* is equally popular in Texas. Seventy thousand people receive *Facts in Review;* tens of thousands more receive *News from Germany.* It was once estimated that one American in three reads some fascist literature, at least, every year. Although Dr. Gallup would not guarantee that figure, it doesn't seem exaggerated.

Somehow fascism has failed to fascinate our intellectuals quite as much as communism once did; so, with only three or four exceptions, the fascists are identified with the semi-literate or please is spelled p-l-e-e-z school of writing. Among those who have been identified, in one way or another, with fascist or quasi-fascist leanings, the exceptions to the p-l-e-e-z-e-r-s are Seward Collins, Philip Johnson, Lawrence Dennis, and George Sylvester Viereck, whom the New York *Times* has called "the poet of passion." Until Eugene Lyons came along, they ran *The American Mercury* — almost into the ground. Now Mr. Dennis runs *The Weekly Foreign Letter,* while Mr. Viereck helps to edit *Facts in Review,* the German Library of Information's sugary venture into the world of ratiocination. Mr. Johnson, who is the son of the medical supplies manufacturing family, writes for *Social Justice,* and Mr. Collins just writes. They

Facts in Review

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Vol. II. — No. 31. July 29, 1940.

MEDICAL CORPS FIGHTS DEATH

The latest achievements in the field of medicine enable the German Medical Corps to cut down fatal casualties and insure speedy recovery of wounded soldiers. The Army's medical students undergo a thorough scientific and medical training, guided by experienced Army doctors. (p. 356).

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German propaganda in the U. S.: *Facts in Review* is the most important of all Nazi-sponsored "literature" in this country.

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all write rather well, especially Mr. Dennis, who is the John Strachey of American fascism, as dogmatic as Mr. Strachey and no less convincing. To Mr. Dennis fascism is merely an optical illusion, so much so that he prefers to call it "socialism." He can discuss Germany for 250 pages without once *mentioning* anti-Semitism, he never even heard of "Mein Kampf," and he doesn't recognize the existence of the Gestapo. Adolf Hitler is always sinned against, never sinning; and why don't those Austrians leave him alone? Like Mr. Strachey, Lawrence Dennis rarely advocates; he merely predicts. Again like Mr. Strachey, he can make even polyandry seem preferable to capitalistic democracy.

IN his *Weekly Foreign Letter,* Mr. Dennis wishes out loud, which, of course, is what most commentators do, only they wish for different things. Mr. Dennis wants Germany to conquer England, is convinced that Germany cannot lose, never tires of writing: "The democracies can only talk war; they can't fight war." Whether or not his reasons were right, his predictions have generally proved more accurate than most. It wasn't he who said that France had merely to sit and wait for Germany to fall apart.

The fascist intellectuals are easy to digest, and there is much that is nourishing in what they write. This is not true of the semi-literates, and you would do well not to read them unless you don't care if you do retch, so what? Their history and their economics, like their anthropology, comes straight from Julius Streicher: the Jews started the Revolution, the Jews started the Civil War, the Jews started the first World War, the Jews started the second World War, the Jews, the Jews, the Jews. The Jews assassinated Lincoln, the Jews created the depression, the gold standard, capitalism, and communism. It was they who caused the Chicago fire, not Mrs. O'Leary's cow: anyway, Mrs. O'Leary was Jewish. There was also some dirty work afoot during the San Francisco fire, in which several Jews were involved.

The Mississippi flood, the Johnstown flood, the stock market boom, the stock market crash, the Jews, the Jews, the Jews, the Jews. If you doubt it, the semi-literates will tell you that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is Jewish (real name, Rossocampo-Rosenvelt); Frances Perkins is Jewish (real name, Matilda Wutski); J. P. Morgan is Jewish (real name, J. P. Morganstern); Alf M. Landon is Jewish (the M. stands for Mossman, you see); Alfred E. Smith is Jewish (look at his nose); Cordell Hull is Jewish (look at his lips). Colonel E. M. House was Jewish (family name, Mandel); so was Pius XI (on his mother's side).

The most prolific of the fascist writers is William Dudley Pelley, who owns the Skyland Press and Pelley Publishers. His penchant for kicking polysyllabic words around would drive the professors of English crazy, but those who read Mr. Pelley's books and magazines, especially *Liberation,* are very much impressed. This is the way Mr. Pelley writes:

> Whence this sound of marching in the morning's mystic gray? Look upon this miracle emerging from the mistbanks! Where have they come from, these silver ranks of valor? Who brought this host together? What is that snow-white banner whose folds catch the gleam from the blaze on the sky-line? Who rides that milky stallion at the head of such battalia? . . . THE SILVERSHIRTS ARE MARCHING!!!

Mr. Pelley developed this style in his youth when he was pounding out pulp fiction. He wrote good pulp fiction, the best, and graduated first into the slicks and then into the motion picture industry, where he worked on scenarios for Lon Chaney, Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Hoot Gibson, name your star. The copy poured from his typewriter and the money poured into his pockets, and William Dudley Pelley went Hollywood. Of course, he didn't realize it then, and he doesn't yet; but Mr. Pelley had it bad. All the symptoms: women, delusions of genius, the urge to set the business world afire by setting up hot dog stands throughout Los Angeles. Naturally his work suffered; but Mr. Pelley didn't realize that either. If the producers rejected his scripts, he decided that someone was plotting against him. If they suggested changes, he blew up and shouted "Persecution!" Yes, he was being persecuted . . . by the "Hollywood Jews."

IT'S not unusual for people to have bad dreams when they are upset. Mr. Pelley had one, too. Most people, when they awaken, laugh the dream off and go about their work. Not so Mr. Pelley. It was no dream. It really happened. One night in April, 1927, William Dudley Pelley died and went to Heaven.

Since then, an industrious little ghost, named The Oracle, has followed Mr. Pelley wherever he goes; protecting him from the Jews and communists, who, it would seem, never cease plotting against Mr. Pelley's life. The Oracle copy-reads Mr. Pelley's editorials, and even collaborates on some of them. He collaborated on "No More Hunger!" (de luxe edition $4),

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Bitterest Sweet

EUROPE IN THE SPRING. By Clare Boothe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1940. 324 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THIS is not only a brilliant book; it is a very important book. It has all the impressionistic charm of a Colette, or a Katherine Mansfield, but also, at times, the deep significance of a Siegfried, or a Madariaga. It is witty, hard, and often bitter, cynical; it is equally ardent, generous, and often moving, stirring. It awakens regrets, despair, but also enthusiasm and hopes. In one word, it is *true*. I have seen, like its author, Europe in the Spring. Never was the Spring more beautiful; never was Europe more pitiful. Clare Boothe caught both the beauty and the pity of it all.

She made the decision to go to Europe on February tenth, for no other reason than she wanted "to see about the war," and because she felt that "she was well within her rights, as an American citizen, in wanting to make up her own mind." She landed in Italy, she spent several weeks in Paris, she went to the Maginot Line while it was firing, she was in Brussels and Lille when these towns were bombed, she came back to Paris during the German advance on that city, she flew to London at the beginning of June. Everywhere she met or made friends; everywhere she talked with shopkeepers and ministers, salesgirls and ambassadresses, corporals and generals. She noted many of the foolish utterances, of the syllogisms built on false premises that wishful thinking dictated then to allied soldiers and statesmen, and, though "that good clear mind of hers" saw through most of their empty words, she remained a friendly spectator.

Her picture of Paris in March, 1940, is pathetic and, alas, veridical. It is true that "nearly everybody who was then talking about the War, was not really talking about *war* but about *politics*." It is true that "the air of drawing-rooms stank with the fetid odour of political post-mortems." It is true that "precious hours were wasted regretting, and regurgitating history." It is true that "French politicians, when they were together, blamed everything on the English," and that, when they met separately, "they generously divided the blame between the English and whatever French former Prime Minister was absent from the happy gathering." Yes, it is all true, much too true, and yet . . .

And yet the French nation, and the French army, were just as courageous, and "reasonable" as ever. Miss Boothe was wise enough to see that too. She understood better than most foreigners what Frenchmen were fighting for, "for France's soil and shops (two-thirds of the Frenchmen in France tilled that soil or owned these shops), for the right to have France run, not by Germans, but by Frenchmen." Some Americans and English writers have said: "France had no war aims." Clare Boothe, better informed, answers: "France did have one, however, on which all Frenchmen were united: France now, and forever, for Frenchmen."

She understands and sums up England just as well as she does France. Her sketches of old-school-tie colonels and majors are portraits, not caricatures. How often, in a British mess, in Flanders, have I heard conversations similar to those noted by her.

> The Colonel shook his head dubiously. "England," he said, "mistrusts Churchill. He's the dictator type, and he has an ancestor complex. He'd like to be the Duke of Marlborough, if you follow me. . . . He's a brilliant hothead of course—eighteen ideas to the minute in Cabinet meetings, one of them corking, but the other seventeen bloody awful. . . .
> "The virtue of Chamberlain," the Major said, "is that he can always be trusted to pick the very best of the bloody awful ones!" Everybody laughed—they thought that was funny.

Miss Boothe adds that *she* thought it was very disquieting, but in England, as in France, she discovered and generously praised what made the essential greatness of each country. I like this last conversation between her and her friend, the "Oil Man," just before she left London:

> I said: "I don't understand the British at all, at all. It just makes me so ill and so mad! Don't they, for God's sake, know what they're in for?"
> "How would it help them if they did?" he asked.
> I answered miserably: "I don't know."
> He said: "Exactly. Do you think they'll take it when it comes?"
> I replied impatiently: "Why, yes, of course."
> "I mean *really* take it, from John o' Groat't to Land's End, until there's hardly an English home standing or an Englishman left alive?"
> I said: "You know I think they will."
> He said: "Then you've found out the only fact worth knowing here."

Thus, everywhere she went, she found out the only facts worth knowing, and collected them for her readers. She sets them forth very wittily. In spite of the gravity of the situation, one cannot help smiling when she writes that Monsieur Mandel, often called France's Disraëli, looked more like a male impersonation of Queen Victoria, or that Mr. Churchill having said: "If we say: 'God is just,' the Americans call it British propaganda," her friend the "Oil Man" remarked: "Judging by the shape the Allies are in, this statement *is* rank British propaganda."

But though the book is amusingly and delightfully written, let us not forget that it is a very serious book and one which contains, for all of us, a lesson and a challenge. Tragedy and comedy are two aspects of the same conflicts, tragedy showing them from the point of view of the actor, comedy from the point of view of the spectator. Miss Boothe makes it very clear for her American reader that, after the part of the spectator, he may be called tomorrow to play the part of the actor:

> The situation, as it stands in America, is just about as it stood in the Spring, in Europe. . . . But I am glad I went to Europe in the Spring, because there I found out what I went to find out. I found out what I, anyway, mean by Democracy: "Liberty and Justice for all."

I agree, with all my heart, and am glad to find our common faith so vigorously professed by her. "Europe in the Spring" may be 33 per cent Colette, 33 per cent Voltaire and 33 per cent Dean Swift, but it is also 1 per cent Joan of Arc, and that gives the book its real meaning.

Cartoon by Low, from "A Cartoon History of Our Time"
The Winter before the Spring.

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"The P. & C. Man"

JACOBY'S CORNERS. By Jake Falstaff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE attempt is no longer made, but the papers for whom the irreplaceable F. P. A. worked used to cast about for substitute columnists to fill in during his vacations. And just once they found a man who stepped in, filled the shoes amply, and made himself so thoroughly at home that his own departure after one month made it tough for even Adams to follow him.

That filler-inner was the late Jake Falstaff. Falstaff had a column of his own called "Pippins and Cheese" in the Ohio papers, and published during his lifetime two ribald and joyous books. Posthumously we have had first his poems and now this account of his

From a bust by Alexander Blazys

Jake Falstaff made his initial reputation by filling in for the famous F.P.A.

boyhood on an Ohio Valley farm. It is a book characteristically high-hearted and affirmative, but it is more than that. It is so fine a piece of writing, plainly a fresh turn in his development, that the loss we sustained in his untimely death seems greater than we had known.

A remembered boyhood is an exercise in a literary mood among the most difficult to sustain. Nostalgia, sweet memories, happy sentiments, the very sound of the words suggests the dangers. Perhaps one reason Falstaff could handle these things so surely was that he wasn't afraid of them, or ashamed of the simple emotions they suggested.

Perhaps the pale cast of thought is singularly absent here. The imagination is carried wholly back,—unshadowed by reflection or afterthought—to that youthful time when a ride in a railroad cab was high adventure, when a stable had more variety in it than you could ever wear out, and smelled good, too, when chickens were interesting and a cow a wonderful animal, when feeling sun and breathing air were conscious experiences, and when kinfolk had tales to tell and wisdom to listen to. We remember Sherwood Anderson's tortured farm lads, from this same Ohio state, and the gulf between Winesburg to Jacoby's Corners is going to need explaining. One of them isn't true. One of them is an adult fantasy, superimposed upon a remembered landscape. Let the reader decide.

I should like to add this, without in any way suggesting that Jake Falstaff was classic or important, or tying any other dusty label to him. Our high school boys and girls have to worry through a great many admirable but, for them, meaningless books, such as Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," of which they can make very little. Why not, instead, give them a good, evocative, local document like "Jacoby's Corners"? They could get from it a very warm and solid sense of the mid-western American landscape, and the folk of the region. They could get, too, a feeling for what may and what should be expressed in simple and unaffected prose.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HOW TO BEGIN A NOVEL

This week's quiz may not teach you how to write a novel, but it will show you how ten well-known novels begin. Do you recognize these opening lines? Allow 5 points if you recall the title of the book, and another 5 if you remember its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 13.

1.

I was ever of the opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. . . .

2.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep. . . .

3.

He was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad. . . .

4.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the epoch of belief. . . .

5.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters. . . .

6.

When you are getting on in years (but not ill, of course), you get very sleepy at times, and the hours seem to pass like lazy cattle across a landscape. . . .

7.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. . . .

8.

The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting. As the landscape changed from brown to green, the army awakened, and began to tremble with eagerness at the noise of rumors. . . .

9.

Between the villages of Ambiere and Romagnat in the ancient Province of Auvergne there is an old road that comes suddenly over the top of a high hill. . . .

10.

The towers of Zenith aspired above the morning mist; austere towers of steel and cement and limestone, sturdy as cliffs and delicate as silver rods. They were neither citadels nor churches, but frankly and beautifully office buildings. . . .

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From Donne to Arnold

FROM DONNE TO DRYDEN: The Revolt Against Metaphysical Poetry. By Robert Lathrop Sharp. University of North Carolina Press. 1940. 221 *pp.* $3.

THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD: A Commentary. By C. B. Tinker and H. F. Lowry. Oxford University Press. 1940. 404 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THE student of poetry will find much that is rewarding in both of these careful books, and they may prove useful to him in ways other than those designed by the authors. Dr. Sharp's study of the Metaphysical School and the reaction against it is ostensibly historical and critical, but its value lies not so much in these aspects as in the wealth of evidence which he has assembled for investigation. His thesis is clearly demonstrated, and his criticism—if one will discount the maidenly kind of *frisson* which so often results from the juxtaposition of a scholarly mind and one of the more elaborate metaphysical conceits—is sound without being particularly creative: he is no Empson. He has read widely, and with profound intelligence; and the riches that he has discovered in the minor poets of the seventeenth century are engagingly and profusely displayed. Donne, of course, had to be his Alpha, just as Dryden was inevitably his Omega; but what he has to say of these poets is somewhat limited by the fact that both of them have received elsewhere such thorough consideration.

"The Poetry of Matthew Arnold" is intended as a commentary on a definitive edition of the Poetical Works which the authors hope to bring out next year. From the so-called Yale Manuscript, as well as from other unpublished sources, a great deal of new material has been collected and expounded, and the result is a kind of source book. As such, its value is great. The citations from personal letters, diaries, rough drafts, notes on reading, and so on, are in themselves more provocative than the criticism which the authors have based upon them. As an example of this, we may take the treatment of one of the most familiar poems, "Dover Beach." A very interesting draft of the first twenty-eight lines is given, and passages are quoted from Sophocles and Thucydides to clarify the images of the night-battle and the sea. But it is precisely here, where it might be really acute, that the commentary fails us. Nothing that is said does nearly so much for the poem as the sources themselves. In other words, the very opulence of the material suggests a commentary that could have said, and meant, much more.

The Boyhood of the Wright Brothers*

By Selden Rodman

Late in the autumn of 1878 our father came into the house one evening with some object partly concealed in his hands, and before we could see what it was, he tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the floor as we expected, it flew across the room till it struck the ceiling, where it fluttered a while, and finally sank to the floor. . . .
—*from the Wright brothers' account of first flight.*

THAT was in Cedar Rapids; their father, the Bishop, argued with his conscience, but decided
The expensive toy, though costing more than a Bible, would instruct them; the boys
Laughing with delight, when they tired of watching it tumble to the floor, took it
Outdoors among the indignant bluejays, lost sight of it in sunlight, broke
The window of Dr. Wirds who broke it over his knee, built others by the dozen
Larger and larger; what baffled Cayley and Penaud baffled them:
The more bamboo and cork and rubber they added, the less it flew.

In Dayton, the boys flew kites. The city of the cash register and a thousand factories smiled
At the unskilled boys, but snickered the older and more expert they grew.
It was different at home. You were laughed at, but never because you tried.
Orville studied Rube Goldberg; Wilbur remembered Grandfather Koerner's lathe;
And the Bishop with his thousand books and liberal opinions could never decide
Which made the better toys; but he gave them the run of the workship and was full of pride.

That place the Bishop looked for all his life—where was that Kingdom?
Was it in organpipe that drowned despair? Chatauqua's median grove
Whose deathly peace drove James to Buffalo's roaring freightyard?
Questions that neither Barnum nor the Browning Society tried to solve
Came up outside the plateglass windows at the Bradley Martin's ball
—But was the curse of starving men the way to love?

The Bishop shook his head. It was too much for him. From the distant shed
Came a noise like hundreds of skeletons fencing on roofs of lead.
Was it possible, he wondered, that Orville, that dreamer on his stilts,
Building his lathe, with marbles for bearings and a horse's bridle-ring
And a sacred stone for the press-bed, and his calculating machine of spools,
Was it possible that he, in his way—that he and Wilbur were finding. . . .
Since the day when Wilbur returned, his mouth smashed by the shinney-stick
And his ailing mother took care of him, and he, in his love, returned that care,
Adding to the prowess of an athlete the touch of a hand that has healed the sick,—
Is it possible that those delicate hands will shape this air?

Thousands are building; in by-ways and back-ways, unpressed by profit, then bought by it,
The cold plow turns the land, the duplex telegraph says Yes and No, the first
Web press and linotype machine convert the forests into what?
The burning plain is crossed by the refrigerator car; the voice from a machine
Sings *Mary Had a Little Lamb;* the figure of a man upon a screen
Moves silently, flickering; the ears at the receiver hear;
And everywhere the frequencies of hope ask breathlessly whether the brain
Has established communication between men, has conquered the ancient fear.

We ask too late. The inspired give. Acceptors, we expect
Them to solve everything. The Brothers in their bicycle shop are not busy with
Cosmic problems: assembling a tandem job from discarded parts, locating
That manufacturer's nightmare, the friction that makes a peddle wobble,
They repair the needle of a stopwatch with bicycle cement, discuss
The chance of winning Saturday's race, their stake the title "Most Skilled"
Or that item in yesterday's paper: LILIENTHAL, A GERMAN DAEDALUS IS DEAD
THE AIR UPHELD HIM IN SHORT HOPS BUT HE TEMPTED FATE TOO OFTEN AND WAS KILLED.

*Excerpt from Part III, "The Airmen", a narrative poem which will be published in the Fall by Random House.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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WHAT KIND OF A MESSAGE TO YOUTH?

LIBERAL newspapers in England are asserting that Hitler has directed his appeals to youth, while Churchill has failed to do so. The British Prime Minister has, so far, not frankly recognized in his speeches the irrevocable destruction of an old geographical order. Whatever he believes, and he can scarcely believe what his statements seem to imply, he leaves it possible to deduce that the English war aims include a return in Europe to a system of small, entirely independent states, held together in a balance of power. But the airplane and the tank plus economic history have destroyed that last survival of the Middle Ages.

Youth, say the papers, demands change. This is a generalization not necessarily true. Yet certainly youth in Great Britain, and thinking and sensitive youth in the United States, is ready for a new and strong organization of society that fits the only times it knows—its own. The nineteenth century may have been a great success for their elders, but it has left only danger and distrust for the young. They do not want to go back to its methods and its world system just because they had obvious merits by comparison with the present world disorder. Some are conservative and some are radical, more (in this country at least) are still only instinctive in seeking their own self-interest, but it is hard to find a politically-minded young person who is really reactionary. Youth, at the moment, does want change.

THIS, of course, is what our creative novelists, dramatists, and our critics and scientific and philosophic writers have been telling us for a generation. When really creative, their books, while they do not necessarily speak for youth, are usually prophetic of what youth will be feeling. It is hard to say usually, in literature of this kind, whether the oncoming generation has felt its influence, or whether the books have resulted from an imaginative study of what the oncoming young are sure to be up against.

Archibald MacLeish's attack upon the defeatist books, so called, of the last decade, has been widely misunderstood—and perhaps he spoke only part of his own mind on the subject. He is, as has been said in this column once before, far too sensitive to literary values himself, to suppose that the moral disintegration after the last war and the widespread disillusionment, could be kept out of honest literature. If the young had not been shot with such ideas from one vaccine, they would have got them from another—if not from Don Passos, then from the sociologists. The fault was not in recording change, it was in failing to see change through to some possible and morally acceptable end. Lacking such imaginative leadership, youth is left discontented and muddled in the gravest danger of mental unpreparedness at a critical time when some faith has to be grasped—if not a hard and fine one, then a tough and brutal one.

A presumably honest man, the late Senator Lundeen, charged in Congress, without a scrap of historical evidence, that our President began the present war. Little Führers in many American cities are bringing in all the European scapegoats for spiritual malaises and breeding hate so fast that it does not have to be imported. These lesser gods, who often resemble devils, always get busy when the greater gods fail to carry on.

We are not responsible for British leadership, nor does *The Saturday Review* propose to pontificate on political opinion. But the intellect and the imagination in their relation to literature concern us deeply. The serious novels that are being written, the most effective editorials, the interpretive biographers, and substantially all of the immensely important work based upon research and mature thinking,—such work comes chiefly from men and women of forty or over. Such writing may not be aimed at youth, but it is upon youth naturally that its impact is strongest. If the imagination of the reader is over forty, only the surface is dented.

WE beg of such writers not to repeat in the sphere of literature, Churchill's mistake in the world of politics. Youth has no nostalgia for the past. There are no active memories of a different and perhaps better society. Hence, every important term used by an older writer may, and usually does, have a meaning different from that intended. What may seem to the novelist a critique of the diseases of a society whose wellness and sanity are equally present in his imagination, may read to the young like an exposure of historic rottenness. Terms like patriotism, Americanism, tradition, have a content for the young certain to be different from ours. This naturally is always true in some measure but the tempo of change makes it doubly true now. And change, the drug which all of us resist more and more as we grow in years, is increasing, not lessening, its pull today. The writers of forty and over have been writing of change from, more than change to. They helped to brush away. But unless they lead somewhere that is not *their* America, *their* youth, *their* ideas of how to live in society, they will confuse or lose the young, and their precious baggage of wisdom will be dumped like the contents of a plane that has lost its landing place.

H. S. C.

Love-Song

By Witter Bynner

PLOUGH me under with new wonder,
Grow me with listening ears,
Top and tassel me asunder,
Freshen me with tears.

For so the dew of heaven falls
And raises shining stalks
In rows and rows of seneschals
Through all of heaven's walks.

Pledge me with silk upon my lips
From scented windrift hair
And set upon my fingertips
Your fingers kernel-bare.

Place all your ribs against my own
In furrows of delight
And there shall be new harvest grown
Under the moon at night.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

More Articles

SIR:—Permit me to congratulate you on the remarkably fine Poetry Number [*SRL,* Aug. 10], edited by William Rose Benét. I enjoyed every bit of it.

I have been a subscriber for only a short time, and do not know how often such special numbers are published, but whatever the number per year, I should like more. In the same line of thought, as a comment to the editorial board, I should like a larger percentage of such articles in each issue, at the expense, if necessary, of the book reviews. Since the *Bookman* died, and such magazines as *Southern Review, Virginia Quarterly* and *Yale Review* are devoted to many things besides literature, *SRL* must carry most of the burden. This, of course, is not to be taken as a criticism but a suggestion as to what one reader would like.

This morning I received the July-August number of *The Poetry Review* from England, a little late, a little reduced in size, but here just the same, and carrying on the promise of the editorial foreword at the beginning of 1940: "We must preserve our integrity in the midst of war; we must prepare for an afterlife on this earth, a post-war world. The choice is ineluctable. The newspapers give the impression that all life and all interests must be centered on the war. If this were so, this time of the breaking of nations would end in the breaking of the Spirit of Man."

Surely we can stand it on this side of the Atlantic for a while.

ELDON EMERSON SMITH.

Sterling, Colorado.

Goethe's "Reich"

SIR:—The English version of Thomas Mann's new novel "Lotte In Weimar" presented to the American public as "The Beloved Returns," contains an interesting omission. A quotation from Goethe's "West Ostlicher Divan" is given in German. Having made several attempts to do the same lines into English, I feel considerable sympathy with the situation. Nevertheless, the lack of some translation of this verse seems to me unfortunate for in none of the reviews have I seen the quotation mentioned. And never was a more felicitous note struck for the opening of a book, "To point a moral, or adorn a tale." To the kindness of Mr. W. H. Auden, I am indebted for the English version of the citation which is here given:

"Though conch and tribal gong
Howl in the Marches,
Bold be our civil song,
Thy courts and arches
Stand. We dread no wrong
In the made able.
O may thy reign be long
Thy kingdom stable."

At the time when Mr. Auden very generously sent me the translation "Lotte," as Dr. Mann himself likes to call the book, was not on the stalls and consequently, Mr. Auden could not realize the importance of keeping the word "Reich," which he has translated "kingdom."

I shall never forget the start of surprise and delight with which I read the last two lines ending "dein Reich beständig"—"your kingdom permanent." This, then, is Thomas Mann's great challenge to the Führer, the permanence of Goethe's Reich against the Reich of Hitler. In the very nature of things much flavor is lost in translation—no matter how good. But it seems to me unfortunate that the American public should miss any of the implications of Goethe's use of "Reich" in connection with the permanence of things of the spirit.

CAROLINE NEWTON.

Berwyn, Pa.

Harriet Martineau

SIR:—The letter from Aline Pixtus in your issue of August 17 suggesting the resurrection of Harriet Martineau has just caught my eye and wins my approval. I am glad someone speaks up for Harriet's book about us, but I do not recognize the work your correspondent suggests. A few years ago I compiled a list of the famous deaf writer's works, as complete as I could make it, some 115 in all, but "American Traits" was not among them.

In 1835 Harriet Martineau visited this country and collected material for a serious work which was published under the title "Society in America" and stirred up a tremendous lot of criticism, mainly because of her views on slavery, but the book was shrewd, observing and well-documented. Then she gathered up the by-products of her adventures and wrote "Retrospect of Western Travel," which is much more interesting as a picture of life in the United States at that time. We always get mad when English visitors tell us the truth about ourselves, and Miss Martineau shared the abuse directed at Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens.

My interest in this writer is owing entirely to her deafness. To me it is amazing that with almost no hearing she was able to interview successfully people in all walks of life from the president down, meet all our celebrities, and write lengthy characterizations of them. In the introduction to "Society in America" she says:

"I labored under only one peculiar disadvantage that I am aware of, but that one is incalculable. I mean my deafness. This does not endanger the accuracy of my information, I believe, as far as it goes, because I carry a trumpet of remarkable fidelity; an instrument, moreover, which seems to exert some winning power, by which I gain more in *tête-à-têtes* than is given to most people who hear general conversation.

To the winning power of that trumpet Hawthorne bore emphatic testimony, and Harriet was a literary lion in this country as well as England. A story all the hard of hearing will appreciate is of the time when Harriet settled in the Lake country not far from the Wordsworth home. She refused to go over after dinner because the poet then took his teeth out, and she could not understand anything he said.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

Lakeville, Conn.

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Miniature Artistry

MIRROR OF A DEAD LADY. By Helen Douglas Irvine. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 333 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE'S literary gift was first revealed to American readers last year with the publication of "Fray Mario," that chronicle of a minor romantic episode on the glittering stage of colonial Peru. She showed herself then as an impeccable minor artist, a miniaturist who worked with perfect delicacy and taste inside the narrow limits of her art. Not a Rodinesque delineator of the Soul of Man, her gift was rather for modeling costumed figurines that had charm, grace, color, and the sparkle of life. Their heartbreak was the heartbreak expressed in the attitude of a Sèvres shepherdess pining for her swain—nothing tragic or really disturbing. Their very sordidness was appealing, like rags of silk. Yet such was the compelling charm of this little tableau that its scene and figures are still vividly stamped on this reviewer's memory after more than a year, when weightier and more recent books have been all but forgotten.

Undoubtedly the author of "Fray Mario" had the same skill at her command when she wrote "Mirror of a Dead Lady," but the same charm is not there. In the first place, how could an honest, good-looking, but quite ordinary girl like Sylvia Dundas, the heroine of this novelette, compete for the reader's affections with "La Perricholi," the passionate street-dancer of Lima, the *femme fatal* who brought even the Viceroy of Peru to his knees? How could the Scotch business man who betrayed Sylvia hold the same interest as the Villonesque poet and vagabond who loved "La Perricholi" and betrayed everyone else? How could the costumes of a twentieth-century world match the costumes of eighteenth-century Lima? The comparison is not unfair, for this too is a sort of costume piece.

It was Sylvia's fate to be betrayed all her life and to bear it bravely. She was betrayed by her birth, which preceded the marriage of her Chilean mother to her Scotch father. She was betrayed by the conventions of the fashionable Paris in which she was brought up, in which her position was always considered a bit *"équivoque."* She was betrayed by her mother, who shipped her off to the cousins and the aunts in Chile to be rid of her. She was betrayed by the Chileans, who trapped a Scotch lord into marrying her, and then she was betrayed by her husband. Not only in Paris, but throughout her cosmopolitan world, she could not escape the fate of being born to a position that was "équivoque." Finally, a skidding taxi-cab in the streets of London provided a sure, if haphazard, solution.

Here, on the same small scale and in the same beautiful proportions as the setting of "Fray Mario," are Paris, Chile, and London as they were about the turn of the century, here are the same impeccably modeled human figures and the same deft costuming. But this world is closer to us than viceregal Peru, it is a world without the same glamour, a world to which we are wise. Perhaps a more robust style is needed to do justice to such a world.

Roger Vercel has written a drama "which exists wholly in terms of spiritual agony."

Privation in Iceland

TROUBLED WATERS. By Roger Vercel. Translated from the French by Warre B. Welles. New York: Random House. 1940. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

AGAINST a background of harsh physical privation, Roger Vercel has placed a drama which exists wholly in terms of spiritual agony. This is a classic arrangement of forces, and it is indeed a pattern dictated by the writer's intentions. For if he wishes to drive straight to the heart of his meaning without warning or embellishment, without introducing his crises with ominous rollings of thunder off-stage, if he wishes, in other words, to abjure the pity and the sentimentalism of free romantic introspection, he must then find another way to orchestrate the drama. Vercel has done this with a technical dexterity that lifts his story to a strength and nobility which could not have been predicted for it.

The plot of "Troubled Waters" is simplicity itself. There are but three important figures, a fishing master, his wife, and his son, and of these we see the wife almost wholly through the reactions of the two men. Captain Villemeur sees his wife but a few months in the year, and feeds for the rest of the time upon his tender memories of her. His son has been living at home, but can no longer bear the growing certainty of his mother's faithlessness. He insist upon joining his father in a fishing expedition to the northern waters. He will not explain, his father is angry, his mother uneasy, and so the story opens, as they are about to leave from Boulogne.

There is the situation wholly contained, and stated for us within the first twenty pages. From this point the development is all. Vercel takes the tension that is implicit, secret, festering, and thrusts it boldly against the sky in physical form. The jagged cliffs of Iceland echo a pattern of tearing nerves. The heavy stench of fish oil from the casks below deck fills the air and seems to reach beneath the skin. They run into continual storms that smash at the unwieldy spars and cranes, and all the while the trawls must be laid and tended, tons of fish dressed and packed away. Under such conditions of unending rigor father and son move side by side, speaking few words. They do not understand one another, they are separated by the uncomfortable stiff pride of men, and they must grope toward each other inarticulately while the elements about them express what they cannot. The effect is one of terrific, controlled power, and as by-product there is an impeccable clarity of atmosphere which throws every scene into startling relief.

The angled streets and towers of Reykjavik, the tortuous ritual of trawling, the cruel celebration of a pig-sticking on board ship, and the final crashing storm in which the elements rip at last into the reserve of the two Villemeurs and bring about the shocking climax—these are some of the best sequences. Less discursive, less philosophic than "Tides of Mont St. Michel," "Troubled Waters" achieves, within its sternly limited scale, a greater single intensity, and is in its own way quite the equal of the earlier book.

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Some Southern Given-Names

H. L. MENCKEN

IN York Minister, a year or so ago, the Archbishop of York, Primate of England, foregathered with 22 bishops and 300 surpliced clergy to consecrate four new bishops. Such ceremonials seldom get much space in the English papers, but this one rated what we would call a first-page spot for two reasons: first, it was the first occasion in history, at least at York, when four bishops had been run through at a single session; second, one of the candidates had the given name of *Tom*—not *Thomas,* but plain *Tom.* In full, he was the Rev. *Tom* Longworth, vicar of Benwell. When he emerged he had become the Right Rev. Bishop Suffragan of Pontefract (pronounced Pumfret).

For a bishop to have the offhand name of *Tom,* like a cat, a labor leader, or a bartender, seemed strange and almost unearthly to the English—nearly as much so as if he had been called *Shorty, Lucy,* or *Satan.* It would cause remark, in fact, even in America, where the only bishop labeled with a diminutive is the Right Rev. *Fred* Ingley, S.T.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor of Colorado—who, by a curious irony, is English-born. But if our ecclesiastics, in general, eschew such truncated and undignified names, the same certainly cannot be said of our statesmen, for among the 435 members of the present House of Representatives I find no less than six *Freds,* and among the ninety-six Senators there are two *Toms.*

Taking the two Houses together, I also find four *Joes,* three *Sams,* three *Pats,* two *Eds,* two *Jacks,* and 17 members bearing various other diminutives, ranging from *Abe* to *Will* and including *Nat, Fritz, Phil, Sol, Harve, Mike, Jed, Pete, Dan, Ben, Newt, Dave, Chan,* and *Hattie*—the last being the name of a lady Senator from Arkansas. This makes 39 in all, or 7.344+ percent of the total membership.

No less than 25 of the 39 come from the region south of the Potomac and the Ohio and east of the Rockies. New England hasn't a single representative, and New York has but two—a *Fred* and a *Sol.* But Texas offers five and Oklahoma seven, and every other Southern State, including even Virginia, has at least one. It is down there under the magnolias that the reform of American personal nomenclature really has its headquarters. In a previous article, I showed how the mothers of the region have indulged a lush and almost pathological fancy in the invention of new names for their girls. An examination of any Southern name-list will reveal that they have also given some attention to their boys.

I turn, for example, to the latest annual catalogue of the East Texas State Teachers College at Commerce, Tex., and find, among the young ladies, such names as *Tobbie, Erlena, Idyl, Beola, Clatie,* and *Chalistia;* among the male B.A.'s and B.S.'s, there are *Ben, Sam, Joe, Jack, Jeff, Davy,* and *Bill.* More, I find such male diminutives moving over to engulf the graduates apparently female—for example, *Tom Ellen, Willie Mae, Jackie Mae,* and *Sammye.* These last, as yet, are by no means as numerous as the purely fanciful female names, but nevertheless there is already a formidable number, and I encounter them in normal-school lists of all the Southern States.

Several other nomenclatural fashions in the late Confederacy deserve to be noticed. The first is the substitution of single initials for the usual boys' names. My Fifth Column men tell me that it is relatively recent, but add that it is fast growing. It does not represent a mere abbreviation of baptismal names; the initials *are* the baptismal names. A second fashion is for manufacturing girls' names of boys' names, usually with the aid of somewhat strained affixes. In the catalogue of State Teachers College at Florence, Ala., I find *Arthurene, Walterene, Willene,* and *Maxcine,* and in those of other Southern normal-schools *Vincentine, Henrine, Hermie, Charlene, Jimmybelle, Benniemae,* and *Maxnellie.*

Thirdly, there is a vigorous revival of the old Southern custom of giving girls two given names, and calling them by both. Obviously, such doubled names must be brief in order to be workable, so the second one is very often *Mae, Lou,* or *Lee.* The thing has gone so far that it would probably be hard today to find a single page in any Southern school catalogue without at least one *Annie Mae, Lena Lou,* or *Betty Lee.* Finally, there is the rage for fantastic spellings, believed fondly to be elegant—not a Southern specialty by any means, but still flourishing there after a happy decline elsewhere. I offer a few specimens and pass on: *Jayn, Betsye, Oeve, Gerdye, Ethal, Yrene, Freida, Jymmye, Ema, Lealyah,* and *B'Eth.*

Once they called her "Bloody Mary."

When London Burned

A SPANISH TUDOR: The Life of "Bloody Mary." By H. F. M. Prescott. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 562 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HENRY VIII's unhappy daughter, Mary I, Queen of England, has ceased to be "Bloody Mary" even in partisan histories, and the epithet begins to die from the popular tongue, so that it may be a little unfortunate that the sub-title of this excellent biography revives an appellation quite unwarranted, as the text shows, by the facts. Nevertheless, Mary I is best known for the burnings of Protestants incident to her attempt to restore England to the Roman obedience, and it is one of the merits of this book that, by providing a full length study of Mary, a study free any sort of partisan bias, and firmly based on a wide range of sound material, the persecution of the Protestants falls into its proper place among the events of Mary's life. To understand the character of Mary I as Queen, one must know the story of her pathetic youth, here fully told for the first time, and something of the political and diplomatic influences which surrounded her. In the exposition of these Miss Prescott has gone straight to the original documents and cut a passable highway through what was in many places a jungle of tangled and contradictory accounts.

The first nearly satisfactory biography of Mary I, J. M. Stone's, is now forty years old, and there was a sympathetic and not unscholarly life by Beatrice White in 1935. To say that Miss Prescott's book supersedes these,

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and will probably be the standard biography of Mary for a long time, is not to say that her Mary differs strikingly from the picture of the simple-minded, high hearted, heroic, rather stupid, and thoroughly feminine queen which emerged from the earlier studies. The many differences are largely matters of small detail, but they add up to two broad advantages; Miss Prescott's scholarship is more accurate and comprehensive, and her interpretation, because less anxiously and militantly apologetic, seems far more human and convincing. One may quarrel with minor points; there is no evidence beyond a statement of Mary's own, which should not be taken at its face value, that Mary's mother, Catherine of Aragon, ever wanted an intervention by foreign troops to overthrow Henry VIII; the evidence is, and overwhelmingly, that she did not. Mary wanted it, so did Chapuys, the emperor's ambassador, but not Catherine.

More serious is the tendency, shown in the title, to describe sixteenth century dynasts in terms of "national" characteristics. Mary was as much English as her husband, Philip II, was Spanish, and to say that Charles V was a Netherlander and understood the English as "a son of a race bound to England by trade, closely related by blood, and much like the English in its practical, shopkeeping bent" verges on the absurd. Charles V happened to be born at Ghent in Flanders, but he was descended from princely houses of France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal, he had no Dutch or Flemish blood, no understanding of trade, and as little "practical shop—keeping bent" as his grandfathers, Ferdinand of Aragon and Maximilian of Hapsburg, or his uncle, Henry VII of England. Fortunately very little of Miss Prescott's valuable interpretation depends on this curious view; her book is much better than its title suggests.

Nightmares Are Fun

BUT WHO WAKES THE BUGLER? By Peter de Vries. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 297 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRED SCHWED, JR.

IT may well be that this book will become known in the history of humor as the first wild bleat of a young voice which was soon to blossom into authoritative hysterics. America has never produced a Shakespeare or Milton, but here is our chance for a genuine Evelyn Waugh. All that should be necessary for maturing this talent is for young Mr. De Vries to avoid outdoor exercise, regular hours, and the temptation to talk things over with a psychiatrist.

Mr. De Vries' extraordinary comic gift is based on the artful use of the nightmare as an instrument of fun. It may seem improbable that he should successfully bring this off, but he does. He has more interesting and amusing nightmares than you and I have. Let me do him the injustice of trying to give you a sample:

The hero is a little man of many sides, most of them regrettable. (His name is "Mr. Thwing," which is the only bit of corny humor in the volume; most of the other character names are just merely wonderful.) He loves Hermina, an attractive fat girl, and he wants very much to marry her, except that, on the other hand, the very idea fills him with horror. (Since this state of mind is the normal one for most enamoured bachelors, it is odd that De Vries is the first investigator to present it without compromise.)

Hermina has three brothers, all of them anxious to help the hero make up his mind, and they make the Karamazov boys look like a pallid trio. Ludwig claims that people haven't got the time to read those many Digests, and wants to start a little magazine that will be a digest of their contents. Odin is about to get to work on his doctor's thesis which will take up the effect of movie westerns on small children. Brabant (my favorite brother, but not Mr. Thwing's) used to be with the Cincinnati Reds. He would have broken up the last World Series game with the Yankees except that his home run hit struck a pigeon just when it would otherwise have gone over the fence. This experience left Brabant moody.

Mr. De Vries is interested in modern poetry, and I wish he could bring himself to blue pencil his precious poetry right out of his sterling humor. I have always noticed, on the stage, that it is all right for a tragedian to mouth his lines darkly, as through a thin veil of farina. But all successful comedians, from Beatrice Lillie down, enunciate with the clarity of a bell.

Otherwise, "But Who Wakes the Bugler?" (an interesting title which has no visible connection with the story) is a remarkable document, damned by an unfettered fancy and sired by a half pint of gin on an empty stomach. The numerous sketches by Charles Addams are only a little saner than the text, which must be rated as an artistic achievement of no small magnitude.

Sculptor Plus

THE SCULPTURE OF MICHELANGELO. By Ludwig Goldscheider. New York: Oxford University Press (Phaidon Edition). 1940. 33 *pp. of text,* 200 *reproductions.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANK CASPERS

LIKE most men of true Titan stature, Michelangelo bulks above time's horizon like a lonely, windswept mountain. A complex being of tremendous talent and esthetic fire, he has, since man first perceived his towering presence, exerted a constant pull on scholars, historians, students and, more recently, film reporters.

The latest photographer to record the works that have thrust Michelangelo up into the heights and installed him permanently in a lofty niche is J. Schneider-Lengyel, who, on a commission from the Oxford University Press, visited every known repository of this master's sculpture. Of the hundreds of plates he brought back, one hundred and forty-five were selected for inclusion in this publisher's newest handsomely designed Phaidon volume. They constitute, together with the lucid and scholarly catalogue raisonné, a singularly complete picture of Michelangelo's sculptural production and provide an ideal companion work for the earlier Phaidon Edition on his painting.

The expanded catalogue sketches in historical backgrounds, supplies pertinent information, and quotes the scholars — including contradictions — thereby serving as an illuminating guide for a richer understanding of the photographs that follow.

It is a full, thorough book, replete not only with striking full-figure shots, but also with incisive close-ups which, in the unfinished sculptures, reveal every tool mark. All are from significant angles, and though there are inferior plates among them, they are, in the main, of a very high standard.

By attentive browsing the reader can find, in most of the works, areas that are in every stage of development, from roughly blocked in forms —adumbrant, chisel-bitten bulges—to finished, flowing surfaces eloquently expressive of the powerful forms beneath.

Arranged chronologically, the plates bring between two covers a telescoped panorama—a compact record—of Michelangelo's career as a sculptor. Far more than a picture book, it is a work in which text and photographs combine to produce a penetrating analysis of a great man's great work. Through it readers will surely acquire a deepened understanding and a heightened appreciation of both.

Frank Caspers is an editor of the Art Digest.

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Cabellcountry

VIRGINIA: A GUIDE TO THE OLD DOMINION. Compiled and Written by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration for the State of Virginia. American Guide Series. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 699 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by AGNES ROTHERY

VIRGINIA has long needed such a book as this. The story of the lady in Richmond who when asked, "What do Richmonders do when they wish to find out some fact from a book of reference?" replied, "Oh, we ask James Branch Cabell," held true until that city finally—and reluctantly—opened its first public library in 1924. The anecdote is a commentary on the casual attitude of many — perhaps most — Virginians in regard to the necessity of accessible and accurate information.

There will be no need to telephone Mr. Cabell now—at least not for data concerning Virginia. For three years under the direction of Eudora Ramsay Richardson, workers travelled up and down every highway and a great many by-ways: visited every city, town, and crossroads hamlet, checking mileages and markers: collected accurate facts about public buildings and private houses, sites, scenery, and natural wonders. A dozen or more workers checked this mass of material in the State Public Library and five writers combined it in a volume which is not only remarkably complete, but remarkably well written, well arranged, and well printed, and accompanied by one hundred wisely chosen photographs.

Since even approximately 700 pages could not contain everything that was gathered, more than was published was deleted, but not destroyed. It has been put aside and filed, where it will be accessible to whoever needs it.

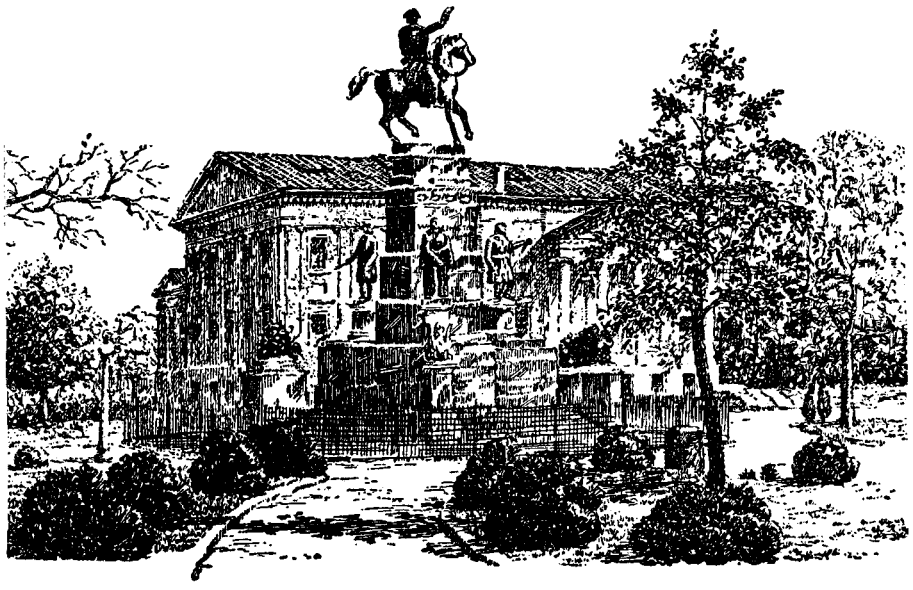
This is primarily a straightforward guide and handbook, tabulated and indexed in such a way that inquirers can instantly locate an historical date or circumstance, and motorists can readily find out where they are, for maps are plentiful and clear. They can also decide what they want to see in the way of festivals, public celebrations, horse shows, dog marts, etc. for the date for these are given, as well as the times when certain houses and gardens are open to the public.

But it is more than a guide book, for the introductory essay by James Southall Freeman is a broad and sympathetic interpretation of "The Spirit of Virginia." Fourteen other essays on the Negro, the Indian, Transportation, Industry, Architecture, Folklore, etc. contributed by specialists, comprise Part I—the section which can be read with pleasure and profit, at home.

The two following and concluding parts, with their maps and keys and outlines, are intended, not for leisurely perusal, but for handy reference.

The Guide modestly admits that there may be—in fact, that in a work of such magnitude inevitably there must be—minor errors, and promises to correct as many of these as possible in future editions. But the volume as it stands is an addition to any living room table and an indispensable companion to the touring automobilist—whether native born or a "foreigner." It is an encyclopedia, almanac, road map, and history of one of the most charming states in the Union and of our country's oldest Commonwealth.

Agnes Rothery is author of "Virginia, the New Dominion."



From the Look.

Historic Richmond.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. *The Vicar of Wakefield,* by Oliver Goldsmith.
2. *Pilgrim's Progress,* by John Bunyan.
3. *Scaramouche,* by Rafael Sabatini.
4. *A Tale of Two Cities,* by Charles Dickens.
5. *Pride and Prejudice,* by Jane Austen.
6. *Good-bye, Mr. Chips,* by James Hilton.
7. *Moby Dick,* by Herman Melville.
8. *The Red Badge of Courage,* by Stephen Crane.
9. *Anthony Adverse,* by Hervey Allen.
10. *Babbitt,* by Sinclair Lewis.

War Dep't, 1940

IN THE WAKE OF THE RAIDERS. By A. D. Divine. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1940. 121 *pp. No index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

From 1915 to 1919 every public library had a shelf, which gradually grew to a department, for "war books." These works shared certain inevitable characteristics. They were hastily carpentered out of facts supplied by propaganda departments and secured at the second remove, with the intervention of the daily press; they were at once flambuoyantly patriotic and stickily sentimental; they padded out narratives which censorship had robbed of detail with appeals to heroic past incidents, dragged in by the ears, hair or any other available projection. And today they have vanished from the ken of all but archaeologists.

Well, the libraries can dust off those shelves again. This is one of the first specimens of the "war book," Series II, a thoroughly typical example. It deals with the exploits of *Admiral Graf Spee* and *Deutschland,* and with a couple of merchantship vs. submarine fights after the good old manner. The information has been outdated by more complete and less sensational Admiralty reports. In the heart of the narrative are injected long accounts of German raids on Norwegian convoys in 1917, of the destruction of French ships during the Napolonic wars, and even of Finns fighting the Russians. The style is that of one of the less happy Parliamentary orators in a flag-waving mood. It is true that the illustrations are excellent, but they alone are hardly worth $2.50.

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Clyde Brion Davis

Nowhere and Return

SULLIVAN. By Clyde Brion Davis. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

WITH a sense of deep emotion I review this painful case, for I never, never never—thanks for kicking me—the only use that is made of the fact that the subsidiary hero is named Gilbert Sullivan is a statement that he will fight if anyone asks if his middle name is &. If you ask me for the reason of this complicated motion, I reply without compunction that I haven't any notion, any notion, any notion—.

"The Great American Novel—" is a dandy book. It has the "feel" that one might get from "My Son, My Son!" translated by Ben Hecht. "The Anointed" is a good book, too. "Sullivan" starts from nowhere and returns with something unfortunately much slower than the speed of light. A disappointed cartoon artist catches his wife in a mild practice scrimmage with one of his friends and sets out to walk away from it all in several directions. He encounters a former tombstone and bunko artist who can play a piano magnificently without having had more than one lesson and rides with him in a jalopy with a heart of gold and bad tires—Barry Benefiel seems to be responsible for extending this trick from madams to motors.

They don't go anywhere except to Los Angeles for no purpose that one can discover. The sculptor encourages the cartoonist to practice self-levitation after seeing him fall from a chair in a beer parlor. The cartoonist never manages it but he levitates paragraphs about the scenic beauties of the Far West all over the place.

FIFTH COLUMN "LITERATURE"

(*Continued from page* 4)

which tells how we can eliminate poverty by converting the nation into one great corporation with Mr. Pelley as president. It was he who told Mr. Pelley that Adolf Hitler would some day rule Germany. And it was he who induced Mr. Pelley to organize the Silvershirts.

The Oracle says that Mr. Pelley's Silvershirts will have completely reorganized the nation by 1962, whereupon Mr. Pelley will either die again or else be transformed. Probably the latter, for Mr. Pelley is the reincarnating kind. At the age of five he already knew that "I have been here before." At least, that's what Mr. Pelley says in his autobiography, "The Door to Revelation" (481 pages, bound in silver cloth, $2).

Dean of the fascist littérateurs is James True. Mr. True has been writing about the Jews for twenty years or more, Now well in his fifties, thin, and with sparse gray hair, the man has lost the bluster of his youth and middle age. No longer does the visitor to his office in Washington, D. C., find "Kike Killers" and loaded revolvers lying around for use as paper weights. Mr. True has mellowed. His voice today is low-pitched and quiet. He chuckles reminiscently about the boisterous Jimmy True of six or seven years ago, the Jimmy True, who, for example, challenged General Hugh S. Johnson to eject him from his office. He chuckles most when he recalls that General Hugh S. Johnson did.

An ex-financial expert, who like many another stopped experting in October, 1929, Mr. True has been publishing the *Industrial Control Reports* since July 10, 1933. These are confidential newsletters which give the lowdown on what is happening in Washington as Mr. True sees it. Mr. True, it might be added, sees it darkly, as through opaque glasses. Like Charles Hudson, who publishes *America in Danger!,* he believes that all our troubles come from the Hidden Hand, which Mr. Hudson describes as follows: *"alien*-intl. finance-gangster control."

Until October, 1929, Robert Edmondson also was an expert on finance. Unfortunately, he couldn't refrain from taking his own advice, so the crash wiped him out. He was sick for months thereafter, and, lying in bed, thinking, he decided that "world Jewry" had caused the stock market collapse solely to destroy him. Since then, Mr. Edmondson has left the market alone, devoting his time entirely to writing. His essays are printed on long sheets of paper, which must be folded three or four times before they will fit in your pocket.

Another fascist publicist not quite as eminent as Mr. Pelley or Mr. True but somewhat more amusing, is George

(*Continued on page* 16)

National American

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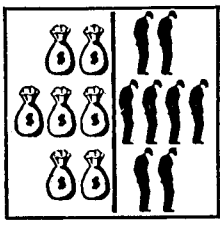

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FIFTH COLUMN 'LITERATURE'

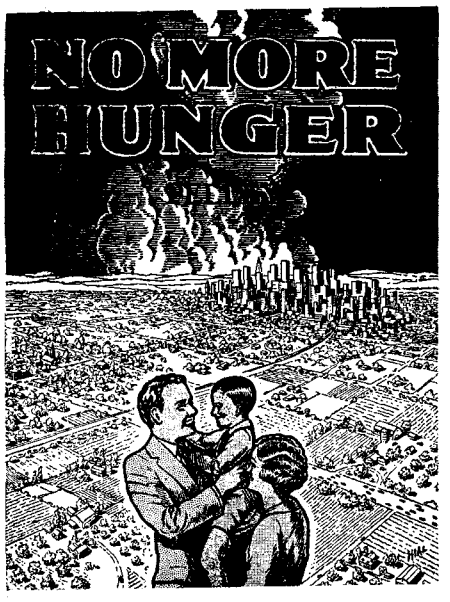
(*Continued from page* 14)

W. Christians. Mr. Christians's best essays are written in the form of letters, which he addresses to people like "The Hon. James Aloysius Farley, Votemaster-General, Dear Sunny Jim . . ." or "The Dishonorable Martin Dies, Chairman of the House Conspiracy for Un-American Activities, Dear Dizzy Dies . . ." He once chided Mr. Dies for having failed to investigate that most dangerous foreign ism of all: democracy. Even the word, he pointed out, comes from the Greek. The man after whom this continent is named was German, he added, demanding that Mr. Dies take immediate action.

Mr. Christians's essays on economics are even funnier than his open letters. SATAN equals Gold and GOD equals Humanity; and Gold means inert materialism, war and revolution, murder and suicide, economic superstition, Death, and HELL, while Humanity means self-preservation, race-preservation. Self equals Others, economic security, economic liberty, science, Life, HEAVEN. This being true, Mr. Christians is anxious to abolish the gold standard and substitute the Human Effort Monetary System, which, he says, will "sweep the HYPOCRISY of the Mis-rulers of the World off the face of the earth."

The world is very much with the fascist writers, and their literary efforts are generally confined to such economic treatises as Mr. Christians's and to editorial polemics. Only rarely do they write poetry; fiction almost never. Their poetry always has political implications, for example:

O haven't you heard the news?
We're at war to save the Jews;
For a hundred years they pressed our pants,
Now we must die for them in France!
So we sing the Doughboy Blues—
It's a hellova fate to choose,
To die to save the Jews;
But the New Deal busted and left us flat,
So this war was hatched by the Democrat,
To end our New Deal Blues—



A product of Mr. Pelley's literary artistry.

These charming verses and twenty-eight more like them came from Mr. Pelley's typewriter. He claims to have sold 750,000 copies of the song, which is perhaps an exaggeration, though perhaps not, for it expresses rather vividly the prevailing attitude of America's fascists toward World War II. The intellectuals may view the conflict as the product of capitalism and democracy in decay: the semi-literates, eschewing such complexities, merely yell "Jew!" Only Adolf Hitler's pact with Joseph Stalin has ever disrupted their simplistic picture of the universe. As Mr. Pelley has written:

Once we thought the Reds were Jews,
We were saps to think them Jews,
But the Yids had furnished their cash to date,
And that put us in a hellova state,
Except to sing these Blues.

The Silvershirt chieftain's pre-occupation with spiritualism, with the peregrinations of little ghosts named The Oracle and with ectoplasm, is not unique. For some reason, such esoteric ideas as reincarnation seem to appeal to most of the fascist writers. Indeed, there is one fascist organization, the Anglo-Saxon Federation of America, whose anti-Semitism is rooted almost entirely in mysticism. The chief of publications of the Anglo-Saxon Federation is none other than William J. Cameron, Henry Ford's publicity man and commentator of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. I am frank to admit that I have never quite been able to understand what Mr. Cameron's leaflets mean. They are simply too deep for me, and I do not vibrate properly. So far as I can make out, however, the Anglo-Saxon peoples are descended from the Twelve Lost Tribes of Israel, whereas the Jews are descended from the Judeans. The Lost Tribes were the good Hebrews; the Judeans were the nasties. Hence, anti-Semitism is justified.

There are inscriptions on the pyramids of Egypt which prove all this, as those who know how to read them properly will attest. The university Egyptologists can't read them, really: they are just fakers, probably in the pay of 'international Jewry." Thus speaks the Anglo-Saxon Federation.

Perhaps there is nothing significant in this pre-occupation of the fascist literateurs with the weird. Otherwise normal people have believed in spiritualism, too; for example, the late Sir Oliver Lodge. Still the psychiatrists would do well to look into the phenomenon. A relation must exist between the ghosts who stalk the pages of fascist literature and the macabre political theories found therein.

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Ectomorphs and Stuff

THE VARIETIES OF HUMAN PHYSIQUE. By W. H. Sheldon. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 347 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS BERMAN, M.D.

THIS book is still another attempt at a static description and classification of human types. It distinguishes three kinds of human physique under the awesome headings of the ectomorphic, the mesomorphic, and the endomorphic. As far as the actual information conveyed by these ponderous terms is concerned, the ectomorphic could be described as the lean and the lanky, the endomorphic is the fat and pudgy, while the mesomorphic is the sleek and hefty looking individual. In these respects, the classification simply repeats divisions made many times by predecessors in the history of medicine and psychology, variants of that of the French physician, Rostan, who separated a cerebral type, a digestive type, and a muscular type which proved rather futile and sterile as far as real clinical and scientific understanding of human varieties.

Dr. Sheldon has endeavoured to go further along these lines by saying that different people represent various proportions of these type mixtures and brings them nearer to the time G. K. Chesterton dreaded, when Science would have us all numbered, by grading them on a scale of seven for the degree of participation of each type. So the extreme endomorph is a 711, the extreme ectomorph is a 117, the extreme mesomorph is a 171. You yourself might turn out to be a 254 or 742, which would perhaps provide something better than merely giving the size of your collar, your sleeve length, and waist measurements to your tailor.

The attempt fails because no classification of human types and mixtures can be either successful or fruitful unless it is dynamic, that is to say, unless it is based upon the factors of activity, physiological and metabolic, physical, chemical and psychological, which make the individual a going concern, or a dynamic organism. The anatomical structures are in effect, the variable precipitates and products of these factors of activity. So that the author's classification reminds one of the pre-nineteenth century classification of the substances of chemistry, before Dalton's atomic hypothesis paved the way for a genuinely scientific and progressive way of describing the different types of chemical compounds. It is as if an attempt were made to classify such chemical compounds as black, white, and colored, and grade them on that basis. The result would look imposing, but it would not mean very much. It was only when substances were classified on the basis of their chemical reaction in relation to their elementary compounds that chemistry became a science.

That is why one is amazed to find such dynamic factors of activity and personality determination, these remarkable chemical compounds known as the hormones of the endocrine glands disposed of in the following sentence: "Glands probably determine personality only in the same sense that the long bones and short bones, and the gut and the muscles and the skin and the rest of the body determine personality."

The hormones of the endocrine or ductless glands are among the most potent catalysts known, and to equate the effects, physical and chemical, structural and functional, psychological and pathological of such glandular products as afrenalin, thyroxin, parathyrin, prolactin, pituitrin, estradiol, corticosterone, and testosterone with that of gut, muscle, bone, or skin is simply preposterous when it is realized that these substances regulate the development, texture, and tone, the state of health and diseases throughout life not only of muscle, bone, fat, and skin, but of all the internal organs and viscera and thus upon every element entering into the formation and evolution of physique. Their most important effects are exerted upon the brain and its nervous system, which is the true chassis of the personality, supplied by them with what may accurately be called the gasoline and oil mixtures of their characteristically individual life. That is why no dynamic classification of human types of physique or personality can work when it is not based on the degree of participation, the dominance, or insufficiency, of these hormonal catalysts in the total make-up of the individual such as was foreshadowed in the humorla types of sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, and melancholic temperaments of Hippocrates and Galen and familiarized in literature by Ben Jonson and Robert Burton. Hundreds of correlated clinical and laboratory observations have now put the glandular theory of personality and incidentally of physique determination and typology on as firm a basis as the evolutionary theory of species formation.

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Russian Realism

DOSTOEVSKI: The Making of a Novelist. By Ernest J. Simmons. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 416 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

IN the present volume as in his distinguished biography of Pushkin Mr. Simmons's scholarship is inexhaustible. Nothing that Dostoevski wrote or said seems to have escaped his attention, and he is equally conversant with the vast store of critical opinion on the work and philosophy of the novelist. It is a study of the great Slav writer's process of creation in his fiction and journalistic work rather than his personal history. The story of Dostoevski's life is accessible to American readers; the most complete account is by Avram Yarmolinsky. Mr. Simmons merely touches upon the personal experiences of the novelist whenever it is relevant to the work or viewpoint under discussion.

Beginning with the first novel, "Poor Folk," Mr. Simmons traces in detail the plot of every story and stresses the relation of each character to the whole. He gives Dostoevski's original plan and describes the novelist's reaction to the work in hand as expressed in his letters, notes, and journalistic articles. This prodigious task is accomplished with enthusiasm and expresses the critic's admiration for the supreme realist of exaggeration. He does not enter deeply into the flaws of Dostoevski's art. He is content to mention now and again that Dostoevski's characters were pathological cases, and proceeds to build up his hero, and to expound Dostoevski's Christianity.

Dostoevski himself described his work as his own kind of realism. That is, he conceived an exceptional world of people, even for degenerates and split personalities, as in "The Brothers Karamazov," and molded them into reality. Always subjective, he endowed every one of his human cripples with his own personal defects and psychological conflicts. The struggle is not between evil and the good life, for Dostoevski believed that the path to Christ lies only through sin. The real conflict is between the soul's desire for action and a superhuman submission. Dostoevski's doctrine of meekness is deprived of all human substance, and can only be explained as a desperate effort to protect the Russian monarchy. Mr. Simmons gives ample evidence of Dostoevski's loyalty to the autocracy and of his Slavophile inspirations, but in the opinion of the present reviewer he does not sufficiently stress this element in relation to the characters who people the novels and who are merely the mouthpieces of their creator. Dostoevski's devotion to the autocracy and his fanatical Slavophilism contracted his religious horizon. It deprived Christ of universality and tried to fit Him into a chauvinistic Slavophile pattern. Mr. Simmons has no difficulty in demonstrating that the creator of Prince Myshkin, Alyosha, and the monk Zosima failed to achieve faith in God, but he does not question Dostoevski's conception of God. It was a Russian God who was inseparable from the supremacy of the Czar and from Russia's mission to convert the rest of the world to his brand of Christianity. Not the doctrine of Christ, but Dostoevski's interpretation of it is the substance of the novels.

In Dostoevski as in Tolstoy realism was at constant odds with religious conviction. But Tolstoy did not employ his Christianity in the defense of the monarchy. He was relentless in his criticism of the evil aspects of the Russian church and state. Dostoevski was no less conscious of the prevailing iniquities than the author of "War and Peace." He felt deeply the poverty and wretchedness of his characters. Yet he demanded complete submission, meekness to the point of imbecility. It is impossible to shake off the impression that the inspiration of this utter submissiveness is not Christ but a desire to defend autocracy. It will be recalled that the scene of his novels is the Russia which was just emerging from serfdom. Only a few educated people were concerned with the advancement of elementary education and the amelioration of the condition of the poverty-stricken peasant. The great majority of the well-to-do were still in the state of complete inertia portrayed in 1859 by Goncharoff in his masterly novel "Oblomoff." Dostoevski detested the Oblomoffs, but he preached precisely the kind of impotence that the Oblomoffs thrive on, because he was aware that progress would involve the decline of the autocracy. To justify his opposition to liberal-minded Russians he found it necessary to describe the Russia of the

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MY OWN MURDERER *Richard Hull* (Messner: $2.)	Debonair English killer relies on his lawyer to spirit him away. Lawyer obliges with unexpected results. Scotland Yard s interested.	Completely unprincipled, sardonically amusing, swift, and smoothly written. Denouement not great surprise but told well.	Commendable
THE HEADLESS LADY *Clayton Rawson* (Putnams: $2.)	Suspicious death of circus owner, and actual decapitation of "headless lady" spur illusionist-sleuth Merlini to amazing feats.	Swell reading for exciting situations, uncanny bits of prestidigitation, a hair-raising and hilarious jail-break, and vivid circus lingo.	First rate
ACCOUNT RENDERED *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Shooting of rich English country gent—with unpleasant ways—and conking of blowzy ex-wife give Insp. Lamb some busy moments.	Sound, 'though not spectacular, plot effectively aided by excellent characterizations and—for them as likes it—turbulent romance.	Satisfactory
THE D. A. GOES TO TRIAL *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Past history of wayside corpse and wrong finger prints in right place give Selby, Western D. A., many a headache.	Payoff as unexpected as it is logical, and events leading up to climax well sprinkled with thrills and action.	Grade A
SAD CYPRESS *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	English village love triangle with poisonously fatal outcome almost sends girl to gallows. Poirot never fails!	Long *sans-Poirot* preamble may be slow for some, but French sleuth has rarely done his stuff so admirably.	Good—as usual

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reactionary Alexander III as a paradise in comparison with the Western nations, and to glorify meekness.

Not one of Dostoevski's meek inherit the earth. On the contrary they are not even passably happy. They either commit suicide or become more completely insane. In the final test of his doctrine, staged in the famous debate between the sceptic Ivan Karamazov and his pious brother Alyosha, the former has the best of the argument. Not even the monk Zosima can refute Ivan's contentions because there is nothing ethical in Dostoevski's brand of meekness.

After the World War Dostoevski was accepted as the only portrayer of "the Russian soul," the supreme exponent of the teachings of Christ, and a seer. Mr. Simmons is second to no one in his admiration for Dostoevski. In one sphere at least he credits Dostoevski with more originality than the novelist deserves, when he asserts that Sonia in "Crime and Punishment" is the first real woman in Russian fiction. Enthusiasm for Sonia makes him overlook Pushkin's Tatiana as well as Turgeniev's Helen in "On the Eve."

Mr. Simmons is sceptical about Dostoevski's political and social prophecies as expressed in "The Possessed," and the present reviewer is inclined to agree with him. Numerous opponents of the present despotism in Russia have accepted Dostoevski's picture of Nechaevism in "The Possessed" as a true portrayal of the Communist State and a divination. Dostoevski paints a damning picture which is not unlike Stalin's Russia, but for all that it is not necessarily a philosophical statement of the consequences of reform or socialism. It is merely another typical example of his doctrine of complete meekness, negatived by his personal vehemence and exaggeration. When he wrote "The Possessed" conditions in Russia did not in any way justify such predictions. But as an opponent to every kind of reform Dostoevski did not hesitate to attribute the blackest motives to his adversaries. Nor was this his only prophecy. He was as extravagant in his predictions as in the exaggeration of his characters. One of his forecasts was that in the not distant future Russia would wipe out the "decadent Catholics" and the futile Protestants and redeem the world by establishing his own particular kind of Christianity. In other words, Dostoevski did not really expect Russia to become Communist; but no one refers to predictions which fail to materialize. Actually Dostoevski was often as far from the truth and from a real understanding of Russia as the psychoanalyst quoted in this volume who discovered an Oedipus complex in the word Slavophile. He explained that Slavophilism represented Dostoevski's love for his "mother"—Mother Russia.

The materials for this view of Dostoevski may be found in Mr. Simmons's fine contribution to our knowledge of a great and enigmatic Russian figure.

Scythia to Soviet

RUSSIA THROUGH THE AGES. By Stuart Ramsey Tompkins. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1940. 799 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

THE history of Russia is here traced chronologically and in detail from the Scythian Empire of the sixth century B. C. to the present. It is a scholarly account of the growth and expansion of the nation over two continents, of its internal movements toward political emancipation and social justice, and of its cultural and religious life, its arts and literature. Mr. Tompkins's work reviews the history of a people doomed to pass from one form of autocracy to another. From the rule of the Mongols to the present pseudo-Communist totalitarianism after the betrayal of the short hope of the 1917 revolution, absolute autocracy has stifled the Russian people. No benefit from all these changes—save that of a change of ikons and slogans—seems to have come to the Russian workers or peasants. In medieval times, feudal slavery existed under landlords; today, mechanized slavery exists under bureaucracy. Whatever progress has been made in the technique of production under the rule of Marxist liturgy must be balanced against the backward political and social conditions in which the people are held.

The author clearly tries to be objective, although his references to the Moscow trials—especially his readiness to assume that Marshal Tukhachevsky, who is described as one of the most important "confessors" was brought to trial might seem to prejudice his position. There is considerable evidence indicating that no trial of Tukhachevsky ever took place; even the Soviet press published nothing about the case save the execution. Tukhachevsky was shot summarily by order of Stalin, as was Captain Roehm by Hitler. On the other hand, the author may be too optimistic when he writes, at the end of the chapter on the Soviet state, that the "Communist Party in America passed into eclipse."

It is regrettable, in an historical work intended as a permanent reference volume, that many misspellings of geographical terms and of famous names have been overlooked in proofreading. Thus, the name of Poland's greatest modern leader, Pilsudski, is consistently ended with a "y," when no Polish, only Czech and Russian names, can end in this way. On a single page, five misspellings of geographical names occur—Breczezany instead of Brzezany, Kaliesz instead of Kalisz, Cernovitz instead of Czernowitz, Stanislav instead of Stanislawow. Szlachta, the native designation for Polish rural gentry, is consistently spelled Szchlachta, and the term *Pan,* which is the equivalent of "Mister," is explained in the glossary as "a Polish landlord." Such errors detract from the book's value, in spite of its excellent bibliography, maps, glossary of Russian terms, and comprehensive chronological table.

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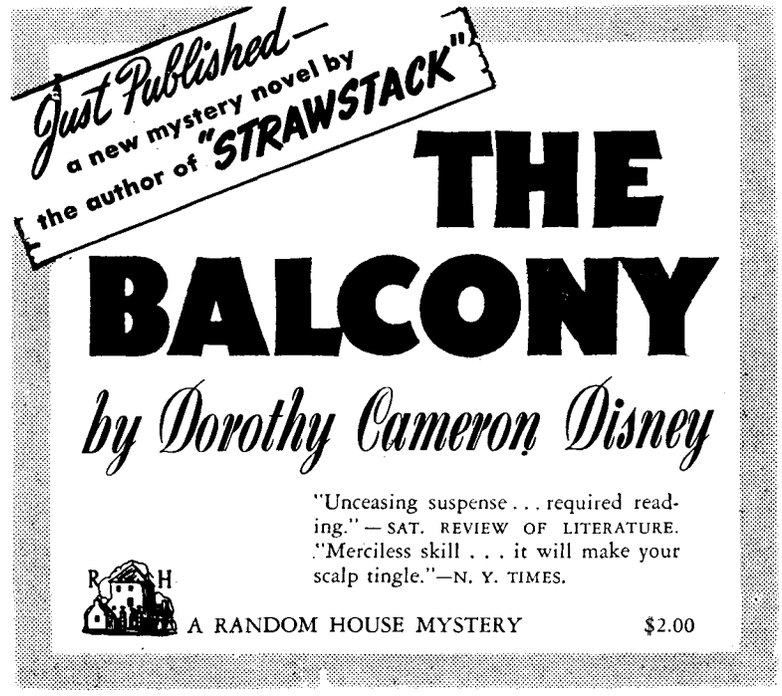
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THE NEW BOOKS

Belles Lettres

BIG SANDY. By Jean Thomas. Holt. 1940. 302 *pp.* $2.75.

Miss Thomas's study is not, despite its title, primarily a river book. It tells of the river for a few preliminary pages but its real theme is the Big Sandy country and the life of the folk along its shores. The author knows intimately the Kentucky people among whom she lives, and in whose homes one pictures the Traipsin' Woman (Miss Thomas is so called by the mountain folk because of her itinerant circuit court reporting) as a welcome but observant guest. Like her preceding books, "Big Sandy" is rich in details of a folk life that knows few modern labor-saving devices and preserves ancient ways. One reads of flintlock guns, spinning wheels, querns, "banjers," old games, "song ballets," and hymns, events like "funeralizin's," "baptizin's," footwashings as part of a communion service, and such communal activities as cornhuskin' and sorghum makin'. There is chronicled a fine independent people of Anglo-Saxon stock. They are not to be confused with "hill billies," of whom they think contemptuously for holding their own people up to disparagement.

The chief industry of the Big Sandy country is coal mining. A section or two tell of coal, now carried on trains instead of down the river in flat boats. Others deal, in a case history way, with home life, moonshining, the clergy, law, and medicine. The longest tells of the McCoy-Hatfield feud and the shortest of the annual Singin' Gatherin' or Festival, the subject of an earlier book by the author. Dialect is well managed, not overdone. Local expressions, archaisms especially, are used to lend regional flavor, but not so liberally as to clog the reading.

L. P.

TERESA CARENO. By Maria Milinowski. Yale University Press. 1940. 410 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

For those of the present generation, like ourselves, who have not had the great thrill of hearing the great Careno, this biography of that phenomenal Venezuelan pianiste comes as a boon. For not only does it clear away the innumerable anecdotes, mostly false, which always cloud the vision when one views such a legendary figure from afar, and present in their place a clear and thorough picture of her as a personality, but it achieves the almost impossible task of giving a picture in words of the great qualities of her playing. So good is this latter job that one gains a complete understanding of just how and with what she magnetized her audiences for over a half a century of concertizing.

The life of a concert pianist is not a simple one to dramatize, for in spite of its superficial glamour the general picture, to be accurate, must be one of constant, hard, and boring work. But the author does not fail to show the truly dramatic conflict between the artist and the human being, who is always torn between the duty to her public and the duty to herself and her family. And this struggle makes the biography read like a novel.

Most interesting is the portrayal of Careno's growth in taste and ability from a flashy young prodigy of eight years, playing only elaborate opera transcriptions and gaudy *cappriccios brilliantes* through the formative years to a mature artist whose interpretations of the classics and of her contemporaries (such as Brahms, Grieg, MacDowell, and D'Albert many of whose pieces she presented to the world for the first time) thrilled the most critical of audiences, and even beyond to the period when great playing to her became a routine and even a bore. Her personal life also is factually but movingly presented. The great musical figures with whom she came in contact—Brahms, Liszt, Rossini, D'Albert, to mention only a few—appear not as mere names but as vivid personalities. There is even an excellent description of her teaching, which seems to have been haphazard but exciting.

This is truly an excellent biography and should be read by all who wish to have recreated for them a past musical epoch and one of the greatest personalities in it.

T. S.

Fiction

LEGION OF DISHONOR. By Ivan Lebedeff. Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1940. 314 *pp.* $2.

A wild romance of the World War, with that curious verbal atmosphere which surrounds translations and books written by authors to whom French comes easier than English—slightly stilted in phraseology and full of epigrams that don't quite come off in the secondary tongue. The emotion also is synthetic and the plot a cross between pulp and movie, combining the goofier features of both. Harry O'Brien is a pure-souled American boy who has quit his newspaper job to enlist in the French army. On a night raid in no man's land he gets knocked out, loses his way in a fog when he comes to, and lands in a chateau cellar between the lines, inhabited by a band of deserters from the French, German, and British armies. They raid the haversacks of the dead for whatever supplies have not been providentially left in the building by the late owners. On one such raid they pick up a beautiful nurse who has been stunned by a shell blast. The rest can be imagined, but it is hardly worth the trouble.

F. P.

FRUIT OUT OF ROCK. By Frances Gillmor. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Frances Gillmor, in four books, has staked out a regional claim for herself in the Southwest. By dint of a style sparse as canyon vegetation she conveys the essence of the terrain where mountain and desert merge in canyon cliffs under the burning sun. It is a strange, cruel, desolate but beautiful country and Miss Gillmor paints it sensitively as one who has absorbed it deeply.

Here, along the southern border of Arizona, Amanda, daughter of a peach grower, takes over the responsibilities of the orchards at her father's death, and falls in love with a common goat herder. This, probably, is intended as the symbol of two conflicting ways of life. Stephen ranges the mountain tops seeking succor for his herd, an outcast from the valley people, an enemy, whose way of life is a constant threat to that of the peach farmers below. Amanda's and Stephen's love flowers in a drought which stimulates the conflict. Her way in the orchards is not his way with the goats. Throughout the gathering of the natural forces Amanda, tor-

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tured by her divided loyalties, has withheld her love, finally she submits, yielding up her devotion to the parental way of life. Climactically the rains come and with them the mountain torrent. Stephen and Bane, his enemy, struggle heroically to dislodge one of the felled trees under the full fury of the raging waters in an effort to divert the deluge. The tree is loosed but the two men are killed. The orchards, now almost completely destroyed because of her dead lover's devotion to his herd, long-suffering Amanda resolves grimly to carry on strengthened by the knowledge that she carries Stephen's unborn child.

"Fruit Out of Rock," and no irony is intended, should be commended to the cinema where, to the benefit of all concerned, its now false tragic ending could be made happy and triumphant.

M. M.

NO STEEPER WALL. By Percy Marks. Stokes. 1940. 404 *pp.* $2.50.

Fiction has been divided into two types: novels in which the motivation derives from character and environment, and those in which it stems from pure fortuitous circumstance. For years the latter class has been held in low esteem and its practitioners have felt called upon to search their protagonist's soul and delve into his background to reveal the mainsprings of his behavior. In this they have been abetted by the greater freedom accorded to discussions of sex, which always give the effect of unsparing analysis. Inasmuch, however, as they characteristically fall back upon outside events to advance the story, the result is fiction with a divided personality, a double direction. "No Steeper Wall" is an example. The title is from Emerson's *Boston*: "Than thine no deeper moat can be, No stouter fence, no steeper wall." And the hero, a good-natured, thoughtless, but well-bred Harvard undergraduate, is by virtue of his mother's family one of Boston's elect. The author's intention is evidently to show that, handicapped by a father who is a parvenu, a sycophant, and a fake, expelled from college for a misstep, and exiled across the continent, he still has his roots inescapably in his native heath, although it requires the broadening effects of far-flung vicissitudes to bring this home to him. Actually, it is a novel of which the whole is no more significant than any of the parts, a reasonably entertaining account of family dissention and of a young man's experiences in California at the turn of the century, of the misunderstandings, tragedies, and deep satisfactions he meets with in settling down in an unruly pioneer community in a remote valley and in taking under his protection a young girl with the ambition and the ability to become a world-renowned ballerina.

C. O., Jr.

Miscellaneous

YANKEE SKIPPER. By Joseph Gainard. Stokes. 1940. 260 *pp.* $3.

Just about a year ago the country rang with the news of the taking of the American freighter, *City of Flint*, by the German pocket battleship, *Deutschland*. Now at last comes the full account of her adventures told by Captain Joseph Gainard, her Yankee skipper, as a part of his life story. Twenty-one years at sea taught him the way to handle safely a situation fraught with the possibility of international complications. Twenty-one years of experience brought his ship through no end of unpleasant happenings among the Norwegians, the Russians, the Germans. The Germans wanted to carry his ship to Germany. The British were interested in stopping them. The Russians wanted both to assist and hinder. None of them had the slightest interest in the fate of the *Flint*. That was the sole care of Captain Gainard, and he was seaman enough to look after his own very thoroughly.

The Yankee skipper denies the heroic as having any part in his calling. "Sailors are sailors, and they act pretty much the same wherever they are." In relating an earlier exploit of the *Flint*, the rescue of two hundred and thirty-six souls from the torpedoed *Athenia*, he dismisses the dramatic by, "But we had a job to do and we did it." It is this hard-boiled refusal to toss off pyrotechnics, lighting luridly events in themselves sufficiently grim and gripping, which is the keynote to the interest the Yankee skipper has created in his relation. He refuses to be cheap or theatrical. He stands by his creed of being a careful, thinking mariner, and the result is page after page of convincing narrative.

I. A.

TEST TUBES AND DRAGON SCALES. By George C. Basil, M.D. Winston. 1940. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Dr. Basil spent several years as superintendent of the "Syracuse-in-China" Hospital at Chungking before the war with Japan. The city seemed at first to be a "witch's cauldron of heat and murk and filth," and his capitulation to its actual charm was slow, though he had many amusing and exciting adventures which he has ably recounted here in collaboration with Elizabeth Forman Lewis, herself an old China hand who will be remembered for her "Portraits from a Chinese Scroll."

He had to fight continually to maintain the hospital against the lawsuits of patients who felt they had been done ill by it. He fought against the ignorance and superstition which, respectively, would fertilize vegetables with human excrement and administer not to sick bodies but the captious spirits within them. The attitude of the uneducated (and many of the educated) Chungkingese was typified by their reply to Dr. Basil's advice that they boil their water: it would take the nourishment from the water, like the skimming of milk.

More than once he found himself in serious battle with warlords when his treatment hurt or baffled them, or he objected to such normal habits as their spitting on the hospital floor. Both diplomacy and courage were needed for his own life's sake. When the reigning Colonel of Chungking assumed that Dr. Basil had promised him a son, he had to perform the Caesarian in the midst of an army which would

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have flayed him alive if a daughter had been delivered instead.

Between these nerve-wracking activities he lectured on health at the Government School, made such unusual friends as Parnell, the eager amateur amputator, Strobel, the saintly medical outcast, and various admirable Chinese, and with them had odd experiences which ranged from attending the summary executions of men to being forced at a banquet to beat out a live monkey's brains, which he had to sample, raw, as was his duty as guest of honor. He has emphasized his personal relations with the Chungkingese rather than the details of his medical practice, and packed his book with anecdote. It is lively, informative, well-written.

H. D.

Travel

SEE CANADA NEXT. By Larry Nixon. Little Brown. 1940. 287 *pp.* $1.95.

Actually there are five Canadas, separated from each other by wilderness, mountains, race, language, economy, and a great river. Politically, this leaves Canada disunited; economically, disintegrated; touristically, thoroughly delightful. The five Canadas offer scenic variety into which many Americans have penetrated somewhere along their 3,500 mile length, but almost none know in its variety. The result is to leave the United States with widely varying impressions of the Dominion which we have pledged ourselves to defend unto death.

Larry Nixon's excellent intention in this book is to demonstrate to Americans how little they really know of British North America, encourage them to explore it. He has missed the mark, turned out a second-rate Baedeker that meanders spasmodically across the breadth of Canada, stopping frequently to chat with the natives, savor the atmosphere, goggle at tourist bargains. Its pedestrian narrative pulls over frequently to slip in long, dull letters to friends, the contents of a quite ordinary menu, or to quote a press agent's blurb. It displays a thorough lack of interest in anything that lies below the visual surface. It commits petty, nevertheless annoying errors, such as misspelling the name of a Calgary hotel, making gourmets of French Canadians whose cooking is notorious throughout the Dominion. The book lacks an index, making quick reference difficult.

A. R. S.

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14-U	15-C		16-Q	17-R	18-I	19-X	20-O	21-W	22-A		23-W	24-Y	25-K		26-O	27-G
28-H	29-C	30-K	31-R	32-E		33-D		34-S	35-K	36-T	37-O	38-Z	39-L		40-I	41-D
42-O	43-U		44-N	45-E		46-D	47-G	48-U	49-H		50-Q	51-Z	52-V	53-R		54-C
55-X		56-W	57-H	58-Q	59-O	60-G	61-M		62-A	63-X	64-T	65-M		66-N	67-S	68-Q
69-E		70-N	71-P	72-V	73-Y	74-T		75-R	76-K	77-H	78-S	79-L	80-V	81-F	82-E	
83-S	84-Y	85-M	86-G		87-J	88-H	89-U		90-B	91-D		92-P	93-W	94-X		95-Y
96-F	97-I	98-B	99-W	100-A		101-L	102-M	103-F	104-V		105-C	106-S	107-P		108-F	109-M
110-V		111-T	112-C		113-G	114-D	115-C		116-Y	117-O	118-L	119-K	120-R	121-S		122-K
123-A	124-H	125-V	126-S		127-T	128-N		129-L	130-Q	131-T		132-J	133-U		134-J	135-C
136-N		137-Z	138-M	139-V	140-A	141-W		142-T	143-U	144-D		145-P	146-Q	147-U	148-I	
149-L	150-N		151-F	152-I		153-G	154-Z	155-J	156-X		157-K	158-B	159-O	160-Z		161-B
	162-Y	163-E	164-U		165-N	166-F	167-X	168-J		169-X	170-N	171-K		172-J	173-B	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American general who fell at Bunker Hill.

B. One of orchestral "Images" of Debussy.

C. Magic helmet (Nibelungen).

D. Hooked.

E. Irregular as if eaten away.

F. Arbor (Sp. Am.)

G. Sharp or biting (colloq.)

H. Latin poet (B. C. 65-8).

I. Tricksy.

J. Hyperborean priest who lived without food.

K. Not received with pleasure.

L. Scottish poet (1834-82).

M. Cannabis chewed or smoked in the East.

N. Remote opportunity (comp.)

O. French satirist (1490?-1553).

P. Decorative border of grooving, etc.

Q. Harvested.

R. Expunges.

S. Of a dark cast.

T. Illness.

U. Permanent vocation.

V. Bulky.

W. Inspissated.

X. Selfhood.

Y. Stiffly aloof (colloq.)

Z. Directly below something (poetic form).

WORDS

62 8 22 100 123 140

6 90 173 98 161 158

105 29 112 15 135 115 5 54

114 33 46 41 144 91

69 45 163 82 32

81 103 151 166 108 96

113 153 27 47 60 86

57 77 88 124 28 49

152 148 40 97 18 2

155 172 87 168 132 134

30 76 119 25 4 157 35 122 171

101 79 118 129 39 149 12

65 109 61 102 11 85 138

44 165 150 66 170 3 128 70 136

159 20 26 59 117 37 42 9

92 145 71 13 107

68 58 130 50 146 16

17 120 75 1 53 31

126 34 67 83 78 106 121

111 36 142 74 127 64 131

147 14 133 89 164 143 43 48

72 104 7 139 80 52 125 110

10 93 21 56 141 99 23

63 19 169 94 167 156 55

84 116 95 24 73 162

38 160 51 137 154

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FELIX RIESENBERG

. . . of him Chris Morley said:

"WHAT an extraordinary fortune for the world of print, when such a man took to putting his thoughts on paper. For something like twenty years I have been proud to suggest from time to time that in gravity and in humor and in quite unconscious skill no writer in our time has surpassed the virile coefficient of Riesenberg's sketches.

"He was of the Defoes and Jules Vernes and Sam Clemenses, a testifier by brute accident and pressure. His sheer lack of conscious technique makes him irresistible. Put him under a sudden gust of emotion and watch his penmanship."

—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

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WHITTLESEY HOUSE

TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

Blitzkrieg

Polish your jewels of death,
The brass and burnished steel;
Adjust the fragile cams,
With dire precision wheel.

The fuse of tiny gears—
(A cocksure aim is all!)
The target of a baby's heart
Is delicately small.

GORDON LECLAIRE.

OLD Q.'s tastes in reading have a broad spread. Two of the best pieces of prose he has seen lately, in respect to their adaptation to purpose, are the circular of instructions sent out by the Truscon Steel Company (Youngstown, O.), describing the installation of casement windows; and a story by Julia McCarthy in the N. Y. *Daily News* re Wally Windsor's rum shampoo. ☞If teachers could give their pupils as exact instructions for reading the classics as the Truscon people send carpenters for setting up steel windows; or if novelists always started their stories with as provocative a lead as Miss McCarthy does. . . . But this sentence has no apodosis because we're not sure what result would ensue. ☞Since it amuses, we reprint the lead of Julia's story, for students of journalism:—"A tall dark man, five eggs and two jiggers of rum are coming into the Duchess of Windsor's life today. And the man, Wayne Forrest, 23, will call at Government House, Nassau, Bahamas, thrice daily hereafter. But indefinitely!" ☞Anyone reading that far will wish to continue; which is one of the tests of literature. But only *one* of the tests. ☞Another is that the reader sometimes feels it worth while to *force* himself to continue.

★ ★

☞Our old correspondent C. F. B. writes: "Have you read a book called *No Life So Happy?* Haven't seen any reviews of it, but read it in the air yesterday coming from Pittsburgh; it matched the quality of detached isolated freedom of flying above the clouds. Very lovely." ☞We don't know the book, no publisher seems to have told us about it. ☞As evidence of Old Q.'s conscientious fidelity, it has taken us ten minutes to uncipher that word *isolated* from C. F. B.'s handwriting. Presumably, as a tycoon of large affairs, it is a word he doesn't often have opportunity to use? He should write it fifty times, legibly, on a sheet of paper, for practise.

★ ★

☞A very nourishing book for the saddening sweetness of September is *Jacoby's Corners* by the late Jake Falstaff. ☞We wondered what provincial city Isabel Rorick was talking about in her delightful series of baby-tycoon yarns *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat* (coming next month); it appears to be Toledo, for which we have special affections. We often hope that nothing has happened to Toledo's wonderful old railroad station, one of America's vintage depots; it should be preserved *sous cloche.* ☞Favorite association items in our enigmatic collection are the first or last books sold by any bookstore. Old Q. happened to pass through Farmington, Conn., just as the Farmington Bookshop's stock was being packed in cases for storage. ☞He was able to grab out a detective story (*Murder in Blue,* by Clifford Witting) and believes it was the last book sold by Miss Scarth before she closed her charming shop and went to do war work.

★ ★

☞In the busy News Shop of Brattleboro, Vt., we noticed a handsome display of Fred Van de Water's new book; and the weekly paper *The Vermont Phoenix,* published in Brattleboro, reminded us of good old days when W. R. B. wrote his *Phoenix Nest* column for this review. ☞Pursued the St. Gaudens memorial studio through back roads of New Hampshire without reaching it; when we asked the lady tollkeeper of a covered bridge if St. G. was buried there, she said, "No, he was cremented." ☞As an admiring tribute to Mr. Thornton Wilder, let it be noted that we ferreted out the remote village of Contoocook, N. H., of which we had heard in *Our Town* (it's the place the train blows a whistle for on that moonlight night) and brought away as association item an empty milk bottle with the name Contoocook lettered in the glass. ☞In another New Hampshire village of the Grover's Corners type we heard the storekeeper ask an elderly customer how he was. "Oh," was the reply, "So's to be out."

★ ★

☞A jacket by Grant Wood is the secret dream of many an American author. This is attained by Kenneth Roberts for his new historical novel *Oliver Wiswell,* whose 380,000 words will be on sale in November. When we saw Mr. Edmé Ziegler of Doubleday's at a Cedar Street ordinary lately he was much excited about it, and left his four-inch chop unfinished to go and hustle more orders. ☞Little, Brown and Co. are anxious to remind everyone that U. S. citizens can still go into Canada without passports or official documents; they have just published Larry Nixon's *See Canada Next.* ☞Such were some of Old Q.'s innocent meditations on a week of sunshine while the world was methodically tearing itself to pieces. But a good deal of his thinking seems to be bottlenecked (the present economic catchword) and doesn't emerge fluently.

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